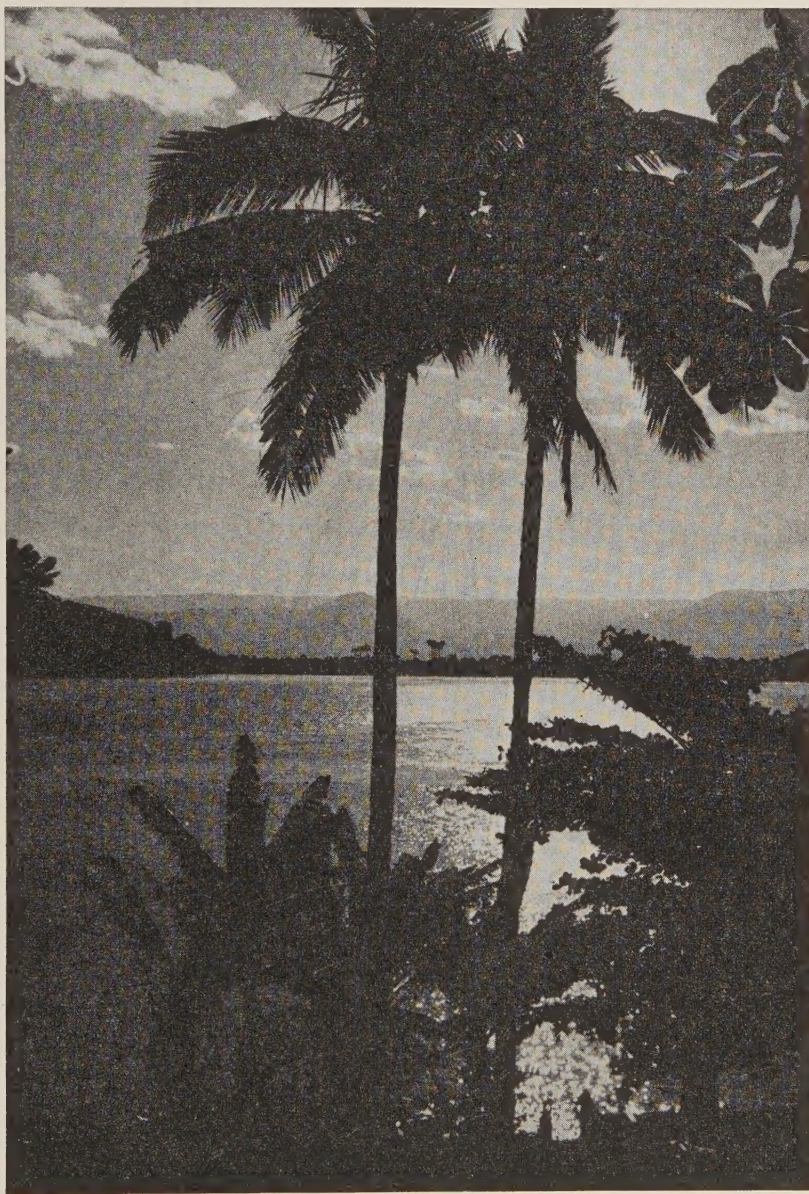


SCRIPTURES FOR THE BLIND

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

SEPTEMBER 1938

VOL. 83, No. 7



BEAUTIFUL BRAZIL

A scene along the five thousand miles of Atlantic coastline

This sister republic absorbed the largest number of Scripture volumes last year of any of the sixty years of the Society's work there. Colportage is carried on by twenty faithful men, supplemented by more than one hundred correspondents and volunteers

TRANSLATION

The Book behind England and America

ITEM, that ye shall provyde . . . one boke of the hole Byble of the largyest volume in Englyshe, and the same set up in sum convenient place wythin the said church that ye have cure of, whereas your parishoners may moste comodiously resorte to the same, and reade it; the charge of which boke shalbe ratablye borne betwene you the psn and the parishoners a fore sayd: that is to say, thone half by you and thother half by them.

ITEM, that you shall discourage no man prively or apertly from the readyng or herynge of the sayde bible, but shall expressly provoke, stere, and exhorte every person to reade the same, as that whiche is the verye lyvely worde of god that every christen person is bounde to embrace, beleve and folowe, yf they loke to be saved; admonysshynge them neverthesse to avoyde all contention and altercation therin, but to use an honest sobrietie in thinqvisition of the trewe sence of the same, and to referre thexplication of obscure places to men of higher iugement in scripture.

—From the ROYAL INJUNCTIONS, issued in 1538

The four hundredth anniversary of the placing of the English Bible in the English churches by royal injunction has been fittingly observed in Great Britain this year. Our own nation owes its birth in freedom to the new spirit created in England and elsewhere by the placing of the open Bible in the hands of the people in their own vernacular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

What better service could be rendered today to a world where human freedom is denied in so many quarters, than to spread the Word of God in the languages of the common people. To this high purpose the American Bible Society has been dedicated for more than a century.

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

A Journal Dedicated to the Wider Distribution
of the Holy Scriptures

VOLUME 83

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The Long Arm of Missions

BY FRANCIS C. STIFLER

EVERY mission board in America would like to reach out farther with its gospel into the unevangelized regions beyond the boundaries of its last outstations. But these are days when to hold intact the established work is all most boards can do. In many mission lands the doors are wide open. There are few obstacles imposed by the native peoples or their governments. The most serious limitations are those imposed by shrunken budgets.

There is, however, one long arm that belongs to every mission board, both home and foreign, in America. It is the American Bible Society. Far beyond the itinerations of most missionaries goes the Society's colporteur, astride his donkey or his bicycle, with his ox team or in his canoe, his car or in some cases in his fully equipped Bible bus or trailer, to offer the Word of God in the language of the peoples.

Take Japan as an instance. Last year an intrepid band of seventeen native colporteurs operated in the northern island of Hokkaido. They covered ground for the most part never covered before by ambassadors of Christ. On their bicycles they visited over 350,000 homes in the small villages and along the country roads. At about 90,000 of the places where they stopped, they sold Scriptures, usually a set of little volumes consisting of

the four Gospels and the Book of Acts. In all they distributed over 450,000 of these precious volumes. Kagawa is our authority for the statement that in all of rural Japan there are only 130 preaching places where regular missionary work is going on. Obviously, the gospel can reach from these places but a few thousand homes and their occupants. And, even there, it cannot thrive without the aid of the printed Word which, in the case of Japan, is the more effective because of the widespread literacy of the people. Someday the number of preaching stations is going to increase. Mission work will be opened along some of the highways and in some of the villages where the American Bible Society's colporteurs have gone. In many a heart the way will have been paved by the reading of the little books that had previously found their way into the hands of the people.

The files at the Bible House reveal hundreds of cases where a single Scripture volume, unaided, has brought a soul to Christ, and many scores of cases where regular Christian services have resulted from unaided Bible reading. As long, then, as the Society can keep its distributors out on the highways and byways, the long arm of missions will be blazing the trail till the days return for the extension of established churches in the vast unchurched areas of the world.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE BIBLE SOCIETY

*By the Reverend Arthur F. Ragatz, D.D.,
Secretary, Rocky Mountain District*

SECRETARY RAGATZ

“YOUR task will be to increase the circulation of Holy Scriptures. Your work will require you to be away from home a great deal. You’ll have to make many long and tiresome trips.”

These words were spoken by Dr. William I. Haven, who from 1899 to the time of his death in 1928 was General Secretary of the American Bible Society, to me as I was about to be appointed Secretary of the “Western Agency” twenty-five years ago, and placed in charge of what is now the Rocky Mountain District—and what a District it is! The combined areas of its nine states exceeds by 37,449 square miles the total area of all the twenty-six states between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic seacoast.

Travel Western Fashion

While the word “distance” has become a relative term in these days of airplanes, streamlined trains, and supercharged automobiles, it still retains its original connotation for him whose traveling must be done between towns that are not on one of the transcontinental lines.

There are still scores of incorporated towns anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred miles from the nearest railroad, and many hundreds of them on roads that have only one or two trains a day, and in some cases no more than that in a week.

The following report of a journey made recently to two out-of-the-way towns will reveal

some of the problems such railroad service involves.

Two state conferences were to be addressed in towns only sixty-seven miles apart, neither of them quite 600 miles from Denver. To be at the first one by Wednesday forenoon I had to leave home Sunday evening. To be in the other town for my second engagement, only sixty-seven miles distant (in a straight line), I had to travel 128 miles by rail—48 miles in the caboose on a local freight, 53 miles by railway gasoline motor, and 27 miles in a passenger coach hitched to a long livestock train.

Two nights had to be spent in towns too small to maintain a hotel. When in such places, one inquires of the station agent where to eat and sleep. Meals can usually be had at the railroad section house. Lodging may generally be found at some nearby ranch house. Frequently, however, one must sleep in the same bed with the hired man. Twice on this trip I was given half a bed with a total stranger occupying the other half. Incidentally, the greater part of one of those nights was spent on the floor with my pillow near a small window, where I was more comfortable on a hot night than I would have been had I remained in bed.

In the parlance of the street, “that reminds me” of other trips that were “not so hot.” Emerging from a superheated train on a cold morning in a Montana town, I was terrified by an eerie crackling sound issuing from my lungs with every breath I drew. The hotel clerk,

however, dispelled my foreboding with the greeting, "She's 52 below zero this morning"; and by his asking me whether I had observed this phenomenon, which is not an unusual occurrence when one emerges from a hot room into a temperature of fifty degrees or more below zero.

Another "Ford" Story

Of all the times I have been snowbound in winter, or marooned on the desert by sandstorms in summer, there is at least one experience I shall never forget.

On a November morning a minister and I started on a sixty-mile trip in his old model T Ford, through an uninhabited part of Wyoming. The weather was so springlike that my hostess was most reluctant to permit us to take her highly prized "all wool" laprobe. Finally, however, she relented, and, with many earnest admonitions, the treasure was entrusted to our tender care.

The sun disappeared within an hour. The gentle breeze became a blizzard. Snow began to drift across the highway. Our speed was reduced to ten or less miles per hour. Then it happened. In the middle of a snowbank the engine missed, sputtered, and died.

Two men in an open car, stalled in a twenty-eight-degree-below-zero blizzard, twenty-five miles from the nearest human habitation—so, what? My colleague was at the wheel. We had only one shovel, and anyway he was not a mechanic. After a careful examination I burrowed into the snow under the car, and later emerged with a clogged gasoline supply pipe. The intense cold had congealed the low-grade gasoline. A piece of wire from a nearby fence opened the pipe, and the engine once more came to life.

We plowed and shoveled and struggled a few more miles—and again the pipe had to be cleaned. The interval between the second and now the third cleaning was ominously shortened. Soon it would be too dark to do this work beneath the car, and we were still twenty-two miles from our journey's end.

Our only hope of survival lay in finding some way to prevent the pipe from closing again. While we never agreed on which of us thought of it first, the fact remains that the two of us, with frozen fingers and chattering teeth, fell upon the treasured laprobe and ruthlessly cut it into strips with which to wrap the pipes.

With these "woolens" added to her ensemble, "Lizzie" brought us into town, fourteen hours late, but still alive.

Not Bottles, but Bibles

During prohibition days heavy suitcases generally aroused suspicion. It never irked me to have an officer courteously inquire what my grip contained. On one occasion, however, when the "law" forced his way into my hotel room, called me a bootlegger, and ordered me to "unlock whichever one of them grips that's got the likker in it," I not only refused, but threatened him with prosecution if he made the search without a legal warrant. When this was finally brought by a deputy, I unlocked my grips and thoroughly enjoyed his confusion on finding plenty of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels, but not a drop of "likker." I assured him that a courteous request in the first place would have saved him much time and humiliation.

"Hands Up"

It was not always necessary for me to leave home for a bit of adventure. Coming to my office one morning, I discovered that a fine Bible I had handled the night before had disappeared. After a week of careful daily checking, the fact of additional thefts was definitely established.

The wide top of a double bookcase provided room for a few blankets on which to recline while watching for the return of this nocturnal visitor. Three uncomfortable nights were spent in vain. The fourth night I took off to catch up on much needed sleep—only to find Bibles missing again the next morning.

From then on no more nights were taken off. Two uneventful nights had passed, and nothing happened until on the third. It was about two a. m. when I first heard the floor creaking outside the door. It seemed like a very long time, those few minutes it took the intruder to open the door and come to the exact spot where I wanted him to be before commanding "Hands up."

At last he was there. I had him covered with my gun. The command was given and instantly obeyed. Both his hands were up,—and so was I, my perch was eight feet above the floor. That was an awkward moment when I began to come down between him and the open door. Thinking I might be off my guard, his right hand began slowly to descend toward a

pocket from which I could see the butt of a gun protruding. Was this to be the fatal moment for one of us? If so, which one?

If I had not observed the sinister movement of his hand, this story might never have been told. Or, had I then known what I later learned, that, only a year before, this same man had shot another, I might not have risked giving him even that split second in which to elevate his hand again.

Fully aware of what the least additional pressure on my trigger finger would mean, the tone of my voice fortunately convinced him that his life depended on again raising his hand. In a moment I was behind him, removing a fully loaded 45-caliber automatic pistol from the pocket toward which he had lowered his hand. The police were soon there in response to my phone call, and my long vigil was ended—and so were our thefts.

Short Change

I once had the unhappy experience of being accused by an elderly, partially blind, one-legged customer of having short-changed him out of a ten-dollar bill. For a month he had been making daily purchases of penny Gospels, which he peddled on the street. The day before Christmas he appeared with more than twenty dollars in small coins, and asked me to give him currency in exchange. Within a few minutes he returned and in great agitation demanded the ten-dollar bill he claimed I had withheld. I suggested that in his excitement he might have overlooked it. At last he agreed to come into my private office and permit me to search his pockets. After removing two coats, two vests, and three pairs of trousers, the bill was finally found between the several pairs, instead of in the pocket where he had intended to put it.

Unforgettable Memories

After twenty-five years spent in traveling, and meeting the public, mostly in frontier states, one could go on indefinitely relating experiences of human interest ranging all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous. Among the former are uncounted instances of unselfish devotion to the cause of Bible distribution.

I remember the young woman—a tubercular invalid who had found Jesus while reading the Testament I had given her—becoming so concerned about other invalids, that she gave

me her only remaining earthly treasure—a diamond ring—to be sold for cash with which to buy Testaments for others.

I remember the Swede who, after losing all his possessions, came to me and asked if I could give him “the same kind of book his father used to read back in the old country.” Nearly a year later he sent me a long letter inclosing a money order from a town in Montana. Almost every word in the letter was misspelled, its grammatical construction was indescribable, and its meaning in places was incomprehensible. Nevertheless, he made it very plain that, through the reading of his Bible, he had been gloriously saved and was now making a gift with which to buy Bibles for somebody else.

I can well remember the neat little church in a mining town seventy miles from the nearest railroad. The man through whose sacrifice and untiring effort that church had been built was converted, while working in the mines, by reading a Bible he had bought from a colporteur who had visited that camp out in the wilderness some years before.

The darker the night the more clearly I can see the faces of those into whose lives of hopelessness and despair, the printed page had brought the transforming power of Him whom God had sent into the world to seek and to save the lost.

I can see the radiant face of the man who had once owned two saloons, dance halls and gambling dens, who was so changed by the reading of a penny Gospel of Luke given to him by a colporteur, that he chopped his bars and gambling devices into kindling wood, emptied his stock of liquor into the gutter, and then devoted the remaining fifteen years of his life to colportage work.

There comes to my memory the manly face of the youth to whom had been sold an inexpensive Bible, who after months of spiritual struggle voluntarily surrendered to the authorities and confessed to having, three years before, caused his stepfather's death by putting poison in his liquor.

While enough interesting incidents have happened during the last quarter of a century to fill more than a book, I feel a sufficient number have already been related to serve our present purpose. However, having opened the floodgates of memory, I am overwhelmed with the evidences of God's gracious presence through all these years.

Whatever there may have been of hardship, danger, and fatigue, has been far outweighed by the consciousness of His sustaining grace and the deep satisfaction of having been permitted to render humble service in so noble a task.

When I remember the uncounted blessings that have been mine, the many beautiful friendships formed through the years, and the delightful journeys I have made, I feel as though I should ask my reader's pardon for having told of experiences that were not pleasant. It is quite remarkable that, in traveling more than a quarter of a million miles, I have never been in a wreck or accident of any kind. For this and many other blessings I give humble thanks to God.

Change and Decay

During the passing years I have witnessed mighty changes taking place. Towns have



OURAY, COLORADO, A TYPICAL MINING TOWN

come into being where, twenty-five years ago, there was nothing but sagebrush and prairie. Or, again, the process has been reversed: towns of ten thousand or more population then are "ghost towns" today in which no one resides.

I have seen tens of thousands of desert acres transformed into fertile fields of beets, alfalfa and wheat by water that was brought from the Rockies more than a hundred miles away. Contrariwise, I have witnessed hundreds of square miles of once valuable land carried away to the four corners of heaven, their owners reduced to poverty and finally compelled to abandon their homes by the relentless attack of drouth and wind.

But through it all it has been my high privilege to distribute the changeless Word in a changing world. It is very gratifying to know that, from an annual distribution of 55,674

volumes in 1913, the number has increased to 137,314 in 1937. The highest distribution the Denver office ever reported was that of 1931, when 339,816 volumes were distributed.

The beauty and glory of these years increase in retrospect. Even though I know from experience what such a decision would involve, I would be more eager today than I was twenty-five years ago, to enter the work to which I have since given the best part of my life.

Dr. Haven was right. I did have to be away from home a great deal. I did have to make many long and tiresome journeys, one more of which I feel I should mention before I close these reminiscences.

It IS Morning

I was far from home when a telegram arrived urging my immediate return because my eldest daughter was fatally ill. Under normal conditions two days and two nights would have gotten me home. But it was winter, and a titanic storm was raging all over the Western states. Trains ceased to have schedules, and on the evening when I should have been home, I was still hundreds of miles away.

When they told my daughter I could not get there until morning, she said, "I'll try to wait until Father comes." Later that night, when the storm was at the height of its fury, she looked about the dimly lighted room and asked, "Mother, is Father here?"—"No, darling; he will not be here until morning." "But, Mother," came the feeble answer, "it IS morning! Don't you see how bright the sun is shining?" Thus guided by the light of His glorious presence, her soul went home to its eternal rest.

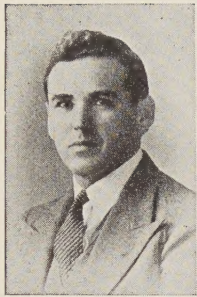
Even greater than the debt I owe to the living, is the debt I owe to those whose earthly pilgrimage has come to an end. Three members of my own family whose courage and faith were a source of holy inspiration to me, have entered into their reward. Of all the members of the larger family of Bible Society secretaries, both at headquarters and in the districts, only one who was there when I arrived is still in active service.

Deeply enshrined within my heart of hearts are sacred memories of those I knew and loved in yesteryears. Truly, it has been a great service. I have loved it for twenty-five years. I love it still, and, if it were mine to give, I would freely, eagerly and joyously give another lifetime to the task.

Cooperation Across the Border—II

In the May RECORD, Secretary Morgan of the Southwestern District described in some detail the trip which his traveling companion, the Secretary of the Mexico Agency, here appraises

BY H. T. MARROQUIN



Mr. Marroquin

IT was in the year 1925 that I first met Rev. J. J. Morgan, District Secretary of the American Bible Society in Dallas, Texas. Since then, we have had the opportunity to strengthen our friendship, and we have even exchanged ideas about the possibility of putting into practice a plan of mutual aid

in the increasing of the circulation of the Spanish Scriptures in the boundary line sections of our two countries.

But it was not until the month of March of this year that we could carry out our plans, as Secretary Morgan has described them in the May number of the BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD.

I was making one of my accustomed tours through my own field last November, when I received Dr. Morgan's invitation to accompany him as early as possible this year on a special tour in the interests of a wider circulation of the Scriptures among the Mexican people of the state of Texas. I accepted the invitation with great pleasure, and we began our preparation immediately. A pleasant surprise for me was that the Reverend G. A. Walls, my old friend and schoolmate in Coyoacan, D.F., Mexico, and son of the late missionary-colporteur William Walls, who worked many years in Mexico, had aided in the formation and execution of the plans for this special Bible campaign. At present Mr. Walls is pastor of a church, and he and his wife direct a social center, which are both under the care of the Mexican Presbyterian Church of Fort Worth, Texas. Mr. Walls has helped the Mexican colony greatly, serving as pastor, teacher, lawyer, adviser, and interpreter. He is chairman of the Bible Committee of the Texas Mexican Presbytery. In spite of his broken health, he was the strong man and the spice of our trip.

Beside the joy of journeying with such congenial companions, and meeting old and new friends, there are four principal observations I should like to make on this trip among the Mexican people of the state of Texas:

1. A surprising number of Mexican families lack sufficient means of livelihood, and many are depending on what little help they can get from the Federal Treasury of the United States. This tends to create and cultivate in them a spirit of indolence. Among the evangelical families, cases of this sort, I am glad to say, are rare.

2. The unrestricted opportunities and facilities open to the Mexicans to hear the gospel are many and varied. In almost every town, and in every large city, there are churches using the Spanish language; there are Spanish street meetings, religious messages in Spanish on the air, as well as Gospel tracts and other printed matter for Spanish-speaking people to read. The doors are open for many of my fellow countrymen to come to the knowledge of the Good News of salvation. And they are doing it by the grace of God.

3. The situation in general is propitious for carrying out a systematic circulation of the Holy Scriptures among the Mexican people, and it is relatively easy to succeed in interesting Christian workers and church members to do this missionary work in their own communities.

4. I observed once again, that the work of the American Bible Society is a real and effective means among all classes of people for the cultivation of fraternal interdenominational and interracial relations. There were present and working together in our meetings both ministers and lay members of different evangelical churches belonging to different social classes, both Mexican and American. The secret is found in the Book which we are busily engaged in circulating "without note or comment" in all languages.

As a Christian layman, I am firmly convinced that for the persons, families, institutions and churches engaged in evangelical missionary work built upon the principles of self-government, self-support and self-propagation, there is in the near future a great blessing. I believe that all missionary work, both home and foreign, should proceed on this basis, that place may be given for self-expression under the power of the gospel on the part of people of all classes and all races.

I thank my esteemed colleague, Mr. Morgan,

for honoring me with an invitation to work with him, and at the same time for the opportunity that he has thus given me to broaden the horizons of my own experience in this important work which is so dear to us both. May God bless and prosper what we could humbly do in his name. Possibly, at a not very distant date, we may be able to arrange, by way of reciprocity and for the benefit of our respective fields, a similar trip in the territory of my Agency in which Brother Morgan will be our guest and speaker.

. . .

The Gospel in Bottles

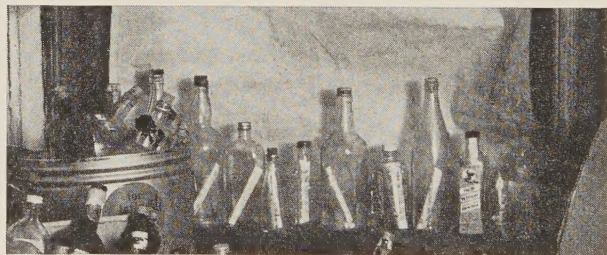
BY THE REVEREND E. C. POWERS, D.D., *Secretary, National Capital District*

A PEDESTRIAN passing the corner of Lombard Street and Market Place, near Baltimore Harbor, might observe a rather unpretentious lunchroom bearing the sign: "Mike's Place." At first glance this rather forbidding name suggests an unholy alliance with the underworld. However, the presiding genius of this hostelry is an Italian of gentle spirit and quiet mien, whose heart is aflame with evangelistic fire. This good man and devoted Christian is Michael Coscia, who has hit upon a most unique method of sending the gospel to those who go down to the sea in ships.

But, first a word concerning Mr. Coscia. He was born over a saloon kept by his father. There was little religious influence about his childhood and early youth. Brought up to regard liquor as a necessity, he drank it at will from childhood. His associates were the type of men who loaf in barrooms, and until past thirty years of age he found no incentive to change his manner of living, or break with his surroundings. Then came a day when, like John Wesley, his heart was strangely warmed, and life and duty took on a new significance for Mike Coscia. He felt a Pauline urge to preach the gospel; but, handicapped by lack of education and readiness of speech, it became necessary to discover some mode of proclaiming his message other than from the pulpit or upon the corners of the streets.

About this time he opened his lunchroom in the busy downtown section, a square from the

water front, opposite the People's Court and diagonally across the street from the Candler Building. One day the thought came to him that probably not less than seven thousand people look daily from the windows of the Candler Building and the Court, toward his



READY TO GO TO SEA WITH THE GOSPEL

lunchroom. Why not place a message from the Bible on his roof, where it could be seen and read by these thousands as they wait to transact business? The thought immediately found fruition. Now those who glance across Lombard Street, by day and night, are confronted by these words, for a spotlight plays upon them until midnight: "Lest you forget—God says to you again: The wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ Our Lord."

Mike's next big inspiration came from finding every morning scores of empty whiskey, gin, and wine bottles scattered around Market Place. Of course, they were gathered by the white wings, so that for most of the day the

streets were clean. One day the Angel of Inspiration led Mike to see in these empty bottles a great opportunity. He and his family began to gather the bottles daily, like the manna. Labels were removed, the bottles carefully washed, then a tract or penny portions placed within. After which the bottles were sealed and consigned to the sea. This is no small town enterprise. Sometimes as many as 2,500 bottles go into Chesapeake Bay at a single launching.

The accompanying picture shows a part of a collection of bottles, cleaned, containing tracts and Scriptures, ready to be put overboard. The work is done by the Coscia family, in a kitchen and laundry of their apartment, which is over the lunchroom. In this lunchroom, behind the counter, Mr. Coscia keeps thousands of tracts

and Scriptures, ready to supply any wayfarer who may stop for lunch, and who also indicates either hunger or need for the Bread of Life.

Many of the Scripture bottles have been found by sailors who later reported at Mike's Place, telling the story of finding the bottle in the bay or the ocean, and sometimes the story of their conversion as a result of this strange evangel. This is a modern version of the healing of the Gaderene demoniac. The vessel once containing a legion of evil spirits is now filled with the Holy Spirit. Who can tell what miracles of grace have already been accomplished by what some might lightly dub a fad? or who can prophesy what Kingdom impulses may come from these cleansed and redeemed vessels of iniquity in the years that lie ahead?

• • •

¶The Scriptures have always commanded the services of the latest inventions and devices for facilitating their distribution and use.

Larger Service to the Blind

*An Announcement from the
Bible House*

JUST as eyes grow tired with much reading, so do the fingers of the blind as they move over the embossed pages of their bulky books. It is a comfort and a solace to rest the hands and listen to the Scriptures read—and read well. For all such, and for those who have never learned to read with their fingers, the American Bible Society produced a few years ago, on two double-faced records, its Volume of Scripture Passages suitable for use with the Talking Book machines furnished by the government.

With the increasing use of these machines, the Society is happy to announce that it is now prepared to supply Talking Book records for the entire New Testament and the following books of the Old Testament: Ruth, Esther, Job,



ENJOYING HER TALKING BOOK

Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Micah, and Nahum.

Following the policy of the Society in supplying its embossed volumes of the Scripture to the sightless, these records are offered to blind individuals at a fraction of their cost, the charge being twenty-five cents for each record, plus postage. When books of the Bible require more than one record, the records are not sold separately. The Gospels require from three to five records each; the Book of Psalms, nine records; the Book of Revelation, three records, and other books accordingly.

Further detailed information about these Scripture Talking Book records may be secured by writing to the Blind Department, Bible House, Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York City.

Victory Within

BY RAYMOND CURRIER

BIBLES and—lepers! Does that seem a far cry? Well, perhaps NOT, in one respect. A ghastly procession which perhaps still takes its furtive course through the byways of your imagination are the lepers of the Bible. The nameless, spotted outcasts of Leviticus, the desperate Naaman, the miserable Gehazi. In the Gospels the horror is lightened a little, but only in the exceptional cases on whom the hands of Christ were laid. The background—those on whom they were not laid—is darker than ever behind those spots of light.

But today, that whole gray picture is wiped away. It is wiped away, for one thing, because it is now possible to cure—or virtually to cure—people with leprosy. It is true there are still many facts about leprosy we do not know. We *do* know it is a disease of childhood and of youth. It appears in innocent-looking spots on the little bodies of two-year olds. It begins to numb the fingers and dull the eyes of eager boys of ten—of boys especially, strange to say; of twice as many boys as girls. And right there it can be stopped. Not in everyone, but in many and under the right conditions. Scores of such children are being saved by missionaries of the Christian Church throughout the world. Hundreds are being taken, with tender severity, from their leper mothers, while they are still little babies, before contagion has occurred, and kept scotfree for life.

But, the curious thing about leprosy is this: though it may mutilate the body quite terribly, pain of body is not its principal characteristic. Pain of mind,—bitter, desperate, black melancholy,—a swamp of loneliness in which the spirit sinks,—this is the suffering of leprosy. The *sine qua non* of a leper's life—our own, too, I should say!—is *victory within*. No matter how good care he may get, he needs sheer spiritual courage to build a new life out of the splintered beams of all he once hoped to do.

Now, this is where the Bible—and the American Bible Society—come in.

The American Mission to Lepers, which is an instrument of all the Protestant boards of foreign missions, enables a hundred mission-

aries about the world to rehabilitate something like ten thousand people whom leprosy has attacked. It goes without saying that for many thousands of these, Bibles, of which the American Bible Society supplies hundreds, are the first stones beneath that rehabilitation.



A LEPER HEARS THE BIBLE READ

Let us take a case. I have in mind a mission leper colony of 750 people. It happens to be in Korea, but it is a replica of a dozen others—in South America, the Philippines, China, India, Iraq, Japan. The population of the colony is divided between younger, convalescing people and those who have come too late—whose nerve fibres, and with the nerve fibres the fingers, arms, legs, eyes, have been destroyed beyond repair. Yet, *even for these people* life is NOT destroyed, and this is why. I read from a letter of the superintendent:—

"Into the yearly Bible examination the other day came K. Pong Cho. He was led by a little boy. He has not a whole finger left; his ears are twice their normal size; his feet so swollen he can hardly walk. He can speak only in a hoarse whisper, and he is totally blind. I asked him what he wanted to recite. 'Oh well, just anything you want me to,' he replied; 'I might start with the Gospel according to St. Matthew.' I gave the word, and off he went. It was beyond belief. He had the air of a general taking command of his troops. He sat on the floor, presently swaying to and fro as the recitation developed into a kind of song. One by one the chapters rolled by, like swiftly passing

views from a train window. It seemed almost effortless. When he got to the twenty-sixth chapter with seventy-five verses, I wondered if there would be any difference. But he went right on to the end, cleared his throat, smiled, and with his sightless eyes upon me, waited for me to say something. I said a great deal.

"Then I asked, 'This painfully hard work,—has it been worth while?'"

"'It has given me,' he answered, 'a mind at

peace with God. My faith has been strengthened. I have joy.'

"'And death?' I asked.

"'The matter of death is not my business. That belongs to God. I see heaven in my mind.'"

Now that is *victory within*. The American Mission to Lepers and the American Bible Society join in making that possible for many thousands of broken human beings.

. . .

Endorsement of Bible Distribution in Peru

DURING 1937, colporteurs of both the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society were arrested in various sections of Peru and prohibited from selling Scriptures. The spread of this hostile attitude on the part of the prefects and other departmental authorities was creating serious difficulties for the circulation of the Scriptures, and for evangelical witness in general. Its extension throughout the republic would be relatively easy, since there is no Congress in the country, and it threatened to bring the work to a standstill.

In view of this situation the representatives of the two Bible Societies drew up a statement, and submitted it to the minister of government. They set forth in it that the Bible Societies are missionary institutions whose sole purpose is to circulate the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, and to promote their use; that the government had already recognized their mission by issuing a decree by which the Bible sellers were excepted in the order prohibiting peddlers of merchandise; that they had been operating peacefully in the republic for almost half a century without government interference; and that they employed only carefully chosen agents for whom they assumed responsibility, as they were prohibited from all political propaganda. The memorial then asked that the minister should send a circular to all the prefects, notifying them of the exception made in favor of the Bible sellers in the prohibition of peddlers, and instructing them to see that

the colporteurs were protected in the fulfilment of their mission.

The minister, General Antonio Rodriguez, gave the representatives of the Bible Societies audience to treat of this matter, and received them with characteristic courtesy. They were introduced by Colonel Isaías Morón, director of police, who showed himself most sympathetic. They presented their case with all frankness; then in the conversation which followed with the minister, he stated that the sale of the Scriptures could not be prohibited, since the constitution of the republic granted liberty both of worship and of commerce; but that the government would not tolerate political propaganda. When he was assured that absolute abstention from all political activity was required of their colporteurs by the Bible Societies, and that any breach of this rule led to instant dismissal, he offered to see that all proper guarantees were granted to the colporteurs. The minister then ordered a circular sent to all the prefects accordingly.

When the minister arranged for the interview, he had ordered a copy of the Bible in the best edition available. The Bible Societies' representatives made him a gift of one, though he protested his desire to pay for it, as that was his purpose when he ordered it. A similar copy was given to Colonel Isaías Morón.

It is to be expected that this action of the minister of government will put an end to the trouble which threatened to become general throughout the republic.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

*A Journal Dedicated to the Wider
Distribution of the Holy
Scriptures*

Editors: THE SECRETARIES

*Address correspondence to Francis
Carr Stifler, Editorial Secretary,
Bible House, New York*



VOL. 83 SEPTEMBER 1938 No. 7

Letters Worth Reading

*[Taken from the mail coming to
the Editors' desks at the Bible
House.]*

From the Tibetan Border

MY DEAR COLABORERS: Please excuse lead pencil. I am now on a long trip, and my ink is all used up. We are twenty-six days' travel away from Tatsienlu, preaching and distributing the Word. At present we are in Sungpan, which is north of Tatsienlu. I have a native lad, now sixteen years old, helping me. He is half Chinese and half Tibetan—is my cook. He has been a believer for about a year—but on this trip he had made great strides forward in the faith. He and my two carriers attended a revival meeting conducted by a senior missionary. The sixteen-year-old boy—my cook—had a great experience there. He speaks with power, and prays with great freedom. I claim no credit for this work of grace. It has been the Lord's work through other instruments; still I share in the joy of the victory. I have never seen a more thorough work of grace in my life, in any thing like the same time. You can imagine what joy I have in this victory, because this lad is the only out-

spoken Christian I know of on the border among the Tibetans. He is full of the Spirit, and a power for the Kingdom. Naturally, I am building great hopes around this little fellow. He is just a lad yet—his mother died when he was a child. He has been undernourished, I take it, up until the last year, and is undersized. He has much to learn, but is making good progress with his studies and works hard. No Chinese helper could do as much to help me as "Dorge." His Tibetan name is Dorge. Please consider him as a helper; for he is a true help indeed—I can never stop thanking God for Dorge. Pray for him and our work as we try to present the gospel in its simplicity, power, and truth.

R. R. HOLDER.

*Missionary colporteur of the
American Bible Society and of
the British and Foreign Bible
Society on the Tibetan border.*

To the Bible House in Tokyo

DEAR FRIENDS: This is an extremely windy place—especially is that true of the city of Hachinohe. Yesterday, when I worked the town Same, just below the lighthouse, a tremendous gust of wind swept both me and bicycle off the dirt road, and I had a grand tumble on the seashore along which the road runs.

Today again the wind seemed still stronger, and Tanabe together with his wheel was thrown into a ditch. The same thing happened to Kimura, who got a bad bruise on the knee, which left him with a limp as he trudges to the houses. It is one of the worst experiences we have met with. In addition to the discomfort,—our eyes and mouths practically filled with sand,—there was no warm water at the inn with which to get a decent cleaning up. As a rule, the inns provide warm water for both a bath and ordinary washing purposes. Being

accustomed to such, it was a hardship to have to clean up in cold water. We had similar experiences up here two years ago.

Notwithstanding all that, we thank God that the Scriptures are being put into the hands of ever-increasing numbers of our fellowmen.

ORIKASA.

*Colporteur of the American Bible
Society in Japan.*

The Silent Ministry of the Word

DEAR FRIENDS: I am very sorry to be somewhat late in sending my annual remittance for the work of the American Bible Society, as there are few agencies in which I have a greater faith and interest, and were I able I would give far more than I do for its excellent work. I read your reports with great interest and remember your work in my prayers.

Recently I met a young man who has been having a great struggle to get light. I have made him a special object of prayer, and lately saw him and he told me he had been brought to a decision by a verse in one of the Psalms. In sixty years of experience in Persia I have time and again met fanatical Mohammedans who were led to Christ through the reading of the Word.

I called on a most bigoted, fanatical Persian ecclesiastic one day—a man who would be pleased to see every Christian killed. As soon as I had entered the room, he ordered the servants to leave and told them to see that no one was in the yard, and that the gates were locked. Then he turned to me and said, "You have left the New World and come all the way here to make me a Christian; save yourself the trouble." I thought he was simply trying to turn me off. Then to my astonishment he said, "I am already a Christian." I asked how he came to it. He then told me a helper had given

him the Gospel of St. John and asked him to read it carefully and with open mind; and when he reached the last chapter he was at the feet of Christ as his slave. He could not resist so winsome a character. Had it been known in that fanatical Kurdish city, the man's own sons would have asked the governor to behead him and throw his body to the dogs.

FREDERICK G. COAN,

Sixty years in Persia.

• •

June Meeting of the Board

THE second stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society in its one hundred and twenty-third year was held at the Bible House, Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York, on Thursday, June 2, 1938, at 3:30 p.m., President John T. Manson in the chair.

Devotional exercises were conducted by the Reverend Dr. Frederick Lent.

On behalf of the committee consisting of Jeremiah R. Van Brunt, James T. Van Steenbergh, and himself, Treasurer Darlington read the following minute, which was adopted by a rising vote:

George Tiffany

By the death of George Tiffany, the American Bible Society has lost a sincere friend and one who was deeply interested in its work. Appointed a member of the Board in February 1929, he attended its meetings and that of the Finance Committee, of which he was also a member, with great faithfulness and regularity. His love of the work was so great that he told his friends that he felt he had missed a great deal whenever he was obliged to stay away from one of the meetings. Although still active in the practice of law in Brooklyn; in the affairs of the Flatbush Reformed Church of which he was a member, and of the General Synod of the Reformed Church of America of which he was secretary and treasurer of its board of directors, he seldom missed a meeting of the Finance Committee or of the Board at the Bible House, New York.

Born in Schenectady, New York, on July 22, 1859, he was a descendant of Captain John Underhill, a Quaker. He graduated from the Albany Law School in 1885, and practiced law in Albany before he moved to Brooklyn. In 1897 he was elected to the State Assembly on the Republican and Citizens' Union ticket from the 18th Assembly District, which includes the greater part of Flatbush.

Those who knew him in the work of the Reformed Church of America and at the Bible House are deeply

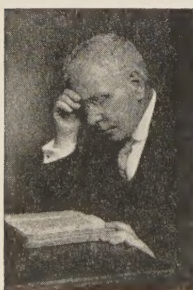
impressed with the sincerity and earnestness of his belief in the Holy Scriptures, and in the joy that he found in working for the kingdom of God. The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society extends to his son and daughter its profound sympathy at the loss that, not only it, but also the society, city, and state have suffered by his death, and its appreciation of his many fine qualities and many years of faithful service to the Bible cause.

Mrs. Ernest R. Palen and Mrs. Herrick B. Young were elected Managers.

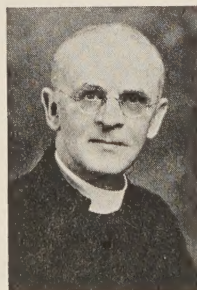
The standing committees for the year 1938-1939 were elected. (See page 101 of July RECORD.)

It was reported that large quantities of Scriptures are being distributed among wounded soldiers in the war-stricken area of China, though distribution was not permitted among Chinese soldiers in hospitals taken over by the Japanese Army.

A grant on the sale and distribution plan to the London Missionary Society, Gilbert Islands Mission, of 500 copies of the complete Bible and 300 copies of the New Testament and Psalms in the Gilbertese language, was authorized.



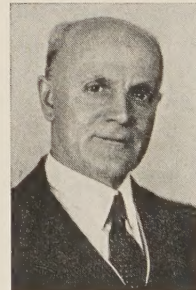
Professor Calverley



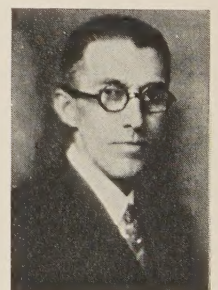
Professor Easton



President Lent



Dr. Dawber



Dr. Morse

From among its Life Members the Society has recently added to its Board a group of men who are active in missionary and scholastic circles, and who will greatly strengthen the work of the Committees on Versions and National Distribution.

To the Versions Committee have been added: Dr. Edwin E. Calverley, associate professor of Mohammedanism of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Conn.; Professor Burton Scott Easton, professor of New Testament in the General Theological Seminary, New York City; and President Frederick Lent of the International Baptist Seminary, East Orange, New Jersey. To the Committee on National Distribution have been added the Reverend Mark A. Dawber, executive secretary of the Home Missions Council; and the Reverend Herman N. Morse, secretary of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

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